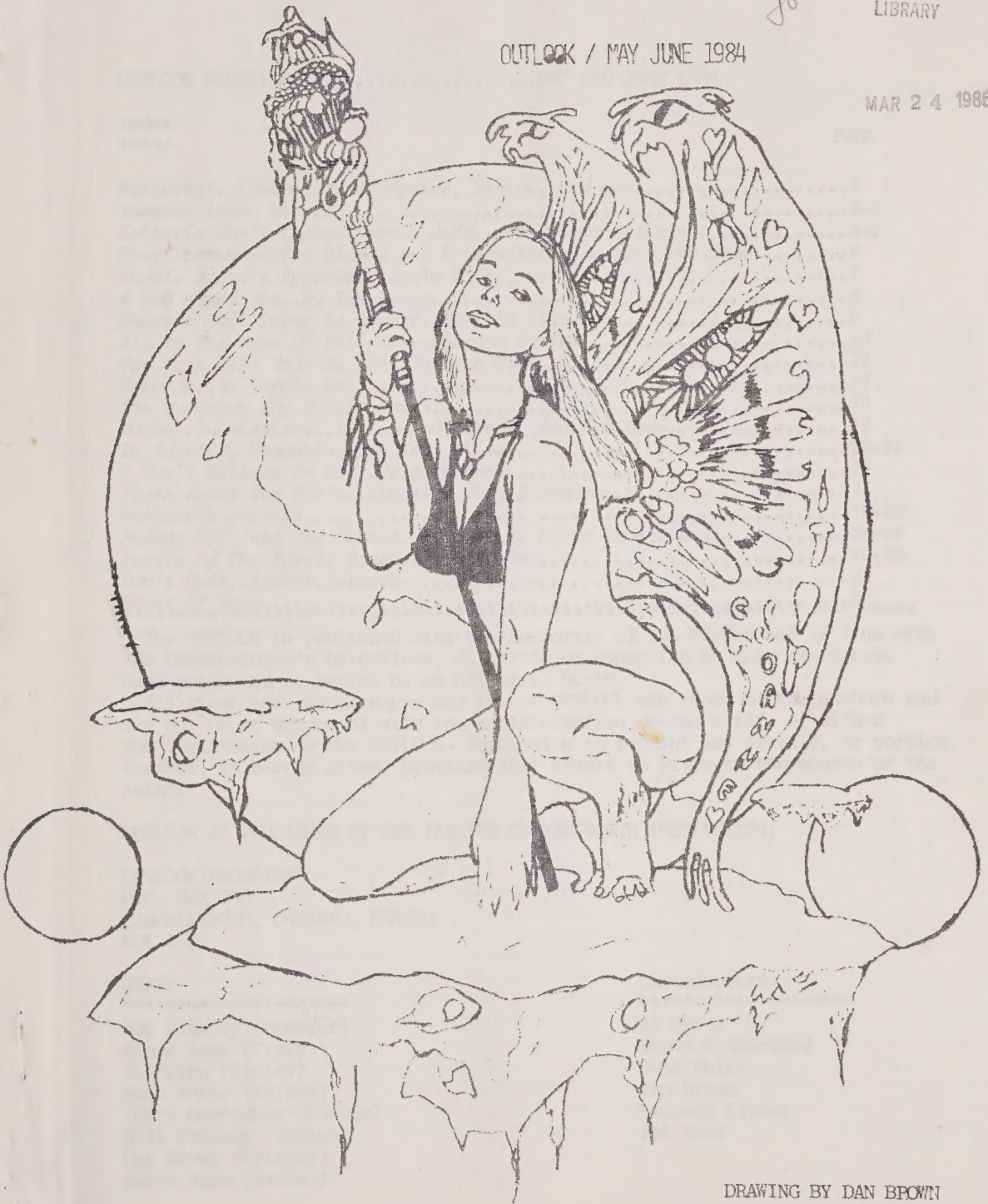


OUTLOOK / MAY JUNE 1984

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OUTLOOK MAGAZINE.....MAY AND JUNE 1984

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OUTLOOK MAGAZINE

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Bulletin

IGNORANCE, ARROGANCE, ETHICS AND YOU

There seems to be a remarkable phenomenon working right here at Warkworth. It strikes me as nothing short of miraculous that of half the people I meet all but a chosen few of all the others here are no good, or "NG" to use the popular phrase. Often, more to my amusement, one will tell me tales of mystery and imagination (probably more imagination) about the other, who has just finished telling me the same about the first. So we have indeed discovered a perpetual motion machine, one which also amplifies itself like an avalanche.

The general consensus seems to be that it's okay to talk about whomever you want, whenever you want and that you have a right to do so. Well, it's not okay and you can't get away with it -- not forever, anyway. The simple facts of the matter are that whenever you point a finger at someone else, three of your own are pointing back at you. If you're fingering yourself, who am I to argue? If you do get away with it, it's because someone else lets you, implying that you're not even significant enough in that person's mind to bother with -- not that you're solid, heavy, cool, or anything else but low.

Rule # 1 of doing time, as we all should know, is to do your own time. When you are putting down someone else you are becoming involved in his time and you have no right to do that. Also, when you're talking about someone else, the person you're talking to should have the sense to get away from you. You see, if you tell me all about the other guy, how do I know what you're telling him about me? All I know is that you can't mind your own business and you tend to talk behind people's backs. To me and many others, that makes you lower than whomever you may talk about and whomever listens to you is in the same boat.

An old joint saying is appropriate here: What goes around, comes around. For newcomers, that means whatever you do or say, whatever your attitudes, actions, etc., are, they will come back to you. If you don't like the way things come to you, maybe you should look at the way you do things. The idea comes from Galatians 6:7 in the Bible: "Whatsoever a man soweth, the same shall he reap." If you plant corn, you don't harvest cabbage. You get the fruit of your own labor and when you want it least, you may get it back with interest.

Again for newcomers and the old hands who are distressed with the situation, I offer an analysis and solution: Anyone talking behind a person's back should be invited to repeat it to that person's face. You should make it clear you're not interested unless it concerns you. You should ask the teller why he is saying this, why you should care, why he should care.

People are killed by false rumors. Storytellers are responsible, but don't pay the price. If you're telling me about someone else and it doesn't directly concern me, you're the one who's NG. I have no time for that and I'm not the only one who feels that way. So if you've got big news about someone else, keep it under your hat.

Al Price

FROM BASEBALL TO LASAGNA: INMATES LEARN TO READ. KINGSTON WHIG-STANDARD-FEB. 15/84

He told his teacher he didn't know how to multiply five times ten. But when the 35-year old musclebound inmate was asked what five sets of 10 bench presses equalled, he knew immediately.

A 22 year old Jamaican prisoner at Collins Bay couldn't read or write but he loved poetry and lyrics. He learned to read by listening to Bob Marley's reggae music while his teacher wrote down the lyrics of his favourite songs for him.

A hockey and baseball enthusiast at Frontenac Institution first saw his own words in print when his teacher asked him to explain the rules of both games to her while she wrote them down.

Teachers with Frontier College, a non-profit organization that has been working behind bars in the Kingston area for the past two years, believe the first step towards learning is establishing a personal relationship between teacher and student, based on respect and equality.

No one knows for sure how many of the people currently incarcerated in Canadian prisons are unable to read or write or to what extent this lack of basic skills contributes to criminal behavior. In 1979 Statistics Canada reported that the rate of functional illiteracy in prisons was 38 per cent, or almost double the national average of 21.9 per cent.

Frontier College teachers Sheila Round and Noma Farrell are currently recruiting volunteers from the community to work one-on-one with prisoners. While the college does most of its work in minimum-security farm camps, it hopes to have enough volunteers to start programs in the medium and maximum-security prisons in the area as well.

Valerie Watson, 22, a Queen's University student who has been working as a volunteer with the college since last summer says she quickly overcame her fears about teaching in a prison. The experience poened her eyes to "new hobbies, personal experiences, different lifestyles."

"I always assumed that I would be the teacher, not the learner, but in more ways I'm the learner," she says.

One of her students, an accomplished cook who learned to read english by dictating recipes to her, taught her an appreciation for Italian cooking and gave her a recipe for lasagna that has become a favorite with her and her friends.

College teachers say it's more demanding to teach people on the inside because the environment and the routine are so static.

"You can't take someone to the library or the supermarket," Round says. "You have to be able to take the outside world into the prison."

Another obstacle that must be overcome is the lack of confidence many prisoners feel.

"These are people who don't want to go to the prison schools. They have psychological barriers to overcome," Round says. "We provide a re-entry point for people who have always failed before. We bring them to the point where they can take advantage of the existing programs."

Frontier College, which in 1977 was awarded UNESCO's literacy prize for meritorious work in the field of education, originated in the bush camps and mining towns of Northern Canada. Founder Alfred Fitzpatrick tried to improve the lives of people working in these frontier communities by setting up libraries and recruiting young teachers to supervise and teach in the camps.

These volunteers, who began to work alongside the men in the camps all day and do their voluntary teaching at night became known as laborer-teachers.

Frontier College offers its volunteers a six-week training program that includes information about its philosophy of learning and the prison system.

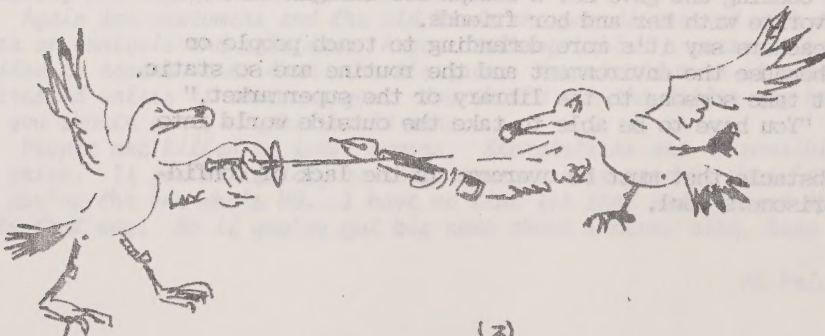
INMATES MAY LEARN TO READ, BUT SOMEBODY SHOULD TEACH THE POLICE

A magazine was seized in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island recently because it contained an innocuous six-letter word that police mistook for something else, according to a story from Canadian Press.

A saucy word? -- Well, no, but it has been known to excite some people -- like millionaires. The only excitement you may get from this one, however, is the kind you feel when you've got something the neighbors haven't.

The word was condos, short for condominiums. Trouble is, the police mistook it for a seven-letter word -- condoms. However, somebody in officialdom somewhere did know how to read and the flap was unplanned quickly, leaving several red-faced police officers in two provinces.

MP Russell MacLellan, who reported the incident to CP, described the police action over mixed-up words with an eight-letter word -- "Overkill".



Prod 7-22-84

In the wake of the solicitor-general's proposal to see more use of a provision releasing inmates after one-sixth of their sentence, Parole Board chairman William Outerbridge says he will consider anyone eligible for parole who comes before his staff, but making parole won't get any easier for an individual inmate.

It isn't up to the parole board, he said, to invite applications and the release criteria won't change.

"Listen, if I'm to seriously consider a violent offender for parole after one-sixth of his sentence, he'd better be 85 years of age, blind and legless. Our main criterion is risk to the public."

Nonetheless, Corrections Canada has decided to take the vacuum cleaner approach.

"First we have to identify inmates eligible for early release," says Danny Weir of the offender programs branch. "Then we will try to have them apply. Presentation of their cases to the parole board will be streamlined and moved more quickly through the system."

Weir says he can't say how many new applications the campaign will mean. He estimates "Hundreds" and says "That's the best I can do."

In 1982-83 about 9,000 applications for various forms of parole were received. That figure is slightly distorted since some inmates could have applied more than once. Prison population turns over about 2½ times a year.

Still, Weir says, some inmates don't realize they are eligible for parole after one-sixth of their sentence. Some don't even bother to apply for full parole after one-third. He says many of the new applications will be simply for the sake of introducing an inmate to the parole board.

Weir says he's aware of how board members think and isn't foolish enough to believe the rate of approval will surge. But numbers will increase dramatically appearing before the board.

Corrections officials will be processing everyone eligible, but Weir's staff will focus more attention on first-time federal prisoners convicted of non-violent offences. The most serious crimes in that category, he said, are break-ins and frauds.

Outerbridge remains cool even to that thinking. When the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police declared break-ins as serious crimes against persons, Outerbridge agreed with them, saying: "I'm with them, quite frankly. Besides, we're talking about offenders doing federal time. Judges don't give federal time unless they think there's a damned good reason."

Anyone sentenced to two years or more goes to a penitentiary. People with shorter sentences go to provincial jails. Judges who think the accused doesn't deserve a penitentiary environment hand out two years less a day for that reason.

There is also a straight logistics problem in Corrections Canada's new approach, says Outerbridge.

"There has to be someplace for them to go," he says. "The halfway houses are already full. This will have to be an effort across the board; and there's an awful lot of preparatory work to do. We're not talking anything sudden here. This will take months."

Mike Provan of Corrections Canada deals with administering halfway houses. He says the amount of work required is simply a job that must be done. He believes the overcrowding problem is serious and getting worse and only efficient use of the release system can ease matters.

"But I want to make one thing clear," he said. "This does not mean we are going to push dangerous offenders out on the streets. Clifford Olson isn't going to be up for parole tomorrow."

Weir admits the thoroughness of case preparation might be diluted by the new approach. He says the category of prisoner his department will be concentrating on (non-violent first-offenders) have been ignored "because we don't really know them by the one-sixth stage. If the guy draws three years, he's eligible for day parole in six months."

"But he may have spent the first three months of his sentence in a provincial jail awaiting admission to penitentiary, so by the six-month point, he hasn't even settled in yet."

"It's hard to make a recommendation for parole at that point."

Weir says caseworkers will "just have to rely on the files" with cases like that.



POOR COMMUNICATION 'BLAMED' FOR PRISON VIOLENCE

(TORONTO STAR-Jun. 30, 1984)

A big cause of violence in federal prisons is poor communication among management, staff and inmates, says a report on violence in Kingston area prisons.

Harsher security measures will result in more inmate suicides, assaults on staff and riots, says the report, commissioned by Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan.

Federal prisons, particularly at higher security levels, are characterized by a lack of meaningful communication between management and staff and between staff and inmates, the report says, adding that wardens should be given more authority to manage their own institutions.

Drugs, overcrowding, younger prisoners who are immature and excitable and too-frequent transfers of prisoners are identified as causes of tension. The report notes that prison violence will never be eliminated.

Since 62 per cent of federal prisoners were admitted for violent crimes and many of the assailants and victims had murdered before, the report says: "clearly many inmates are capable of violence, some with the slightest provocation."

The report was ordered after a record seven murders of prisoners at three Kingston area prisons in a year.

There were also 16 serious assaults in the three prisons -- Millhaven, Collins Bay and Frontenac -- from January, 1983, to January, 1984.

During the investigation, by Jim Vantour of the Correctional Services of Canada, Warden Hank Neufeld of Warkworth Institution, Bruce Northrop, a retired Royal Canadian Mounted Police superintendent and federal prison psychologist Lise Turcotte, there were two more murders and two serious assaults at Millhaven.

There have since been two staff members murdered at Stony Mountain, Man., and a hostage-taking incident, resulting in the death of an inmate, at Kingston.

The report also condemns a "marketplace atmosphere" in prison communities.

Homemade liquor has always been a problem in prisons, but inmates now have access to marijuana, hashish and Valium, the report says.

Inmates are being killed or seriously injured because of drugs, the report says, and it suggests regular searches of institutions and limits on visitors suspected of carrying drugs.

The report also recommends making the importation of drugs into a prison a criminal offence similar to helping an inmate to escape.

--When your work speaks for itself, don't interrupt.

--Henry J. Kaiser.

NATIONAL PAROLE BOARD MUST APPROVE ALL SOCIAL ETA'S (Let's Talk Jun. 30 1984)

Following the 36-hour escape of Wayne Boden, an inmate at Laval Institution in Quebec, Solicitor-General Bob Kaplan has announced tighter new directives for escorted temporary absences.

May 18 Boden, who was convicted of murdering four women 12 years ago, escaped from his escort officer during a resocialization pass. He was recaptured a day and a half later.

The solicitor-general has instructed that the new policy applies to all federal inmates serving life or indeterminate sentences, including those housed in provincial institutions under the terms of special agreements. The revised procedures will require that the recommendation of the National Parole Board be obtained for the first escorted temporary absence where this policy applies and any further escorted TA's in the following circumstances.

Where there has been a negative decision from the board;

Where there has been a release which has been revoked, cancelled or terminated.

"The National Parole Board specializes in risk assessment," Kaplan said, "The board's views are to be obtained and weighed carefully before any absences are granted to inmates in this category.

"In fact, if any deviation from the board's advice is considered, the final decision must be made by Commissioner Yeomans himself."

Kaplan also pointed out that more stringent use be made of correctional officers as escorts and that improvements be made in the selection, training and briefing of escorts.

The changes in procedure will apply only to escorted temporary absences for resocialization purposes. ETA's granted for humanitarian or medical purposes need not be referred to the board as the present procedures are considered adequate, Kaplan says.

He said the success rate of the ETA program is 99.6 per cent.

"This demonstrates that the program is for the most part exercised with restraint and managed with great care," he said. "Nonetheless, I believe the modifications I have called for will add a necessary measure of additional protection of the public."

Kaplan added: "The purpose of the TA program remains sound. It is in fact an essential program if we are ever to succeed in reintegrating offenders back into society. Safety to the public must always come first, however, and it is clear to me after reviewing current procedures that more stringent controls are necessary.

"I believe the modifications I have called for will prove very effective."

A Dog Named SEX

Now, SEX has been very embarrassing to me. When I went to City Hall to renew his license, I told the clerk I would like a license for sex. He said "I would like one too." Then I said, "But this is a dog." He said "I don't care what she looks like." Then I said, "you don't understand, I've had sex since I was nine years old." He said I must have been quite a kid.

When I got married and went on my honeymoon I took the dog with me. I told the motel clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and I, and a special room for sex. He said that every room in the place was for sex. I said, "you don't understand, Sex keeps me awake at night." The clerk said, "Me too."

One day I entered sex into a contest, But before the competition began, the dog ran away. Another contestant asked me why I was just standing and looking around. I told him I had planned to have sex in the contest. He told me I should have sold my own tickets. "But you don't understand" I said. "I had hoped to have sex on T.V." He called me a show off.

When my wife and I separated I went to court to fight for custody of the dog. I said "Your Honor, I had sex before I was married." The judge said, "Me too." Then I told him that after I was married sex left me. He said "Me too."

Last night Sex ran off again. I spent hours looking around town for him. A cop came over to me and asked, What are you doing in this alley at 4 in the morning? I said, I was looking for SEX.

MY CASE COMES UP ON FRIDAY.....

Dan Brown

SHORTER JAIL TERMS NO ANSWER

(from Toronto Star, Nov. 20/83)

Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan hit the nail on the head last week when he said there are too many people in prison who don't belong there. Kaplan is no doubt right in thinking that simply putting a person behind bars is no guarantee that he'll be rehabilitated.

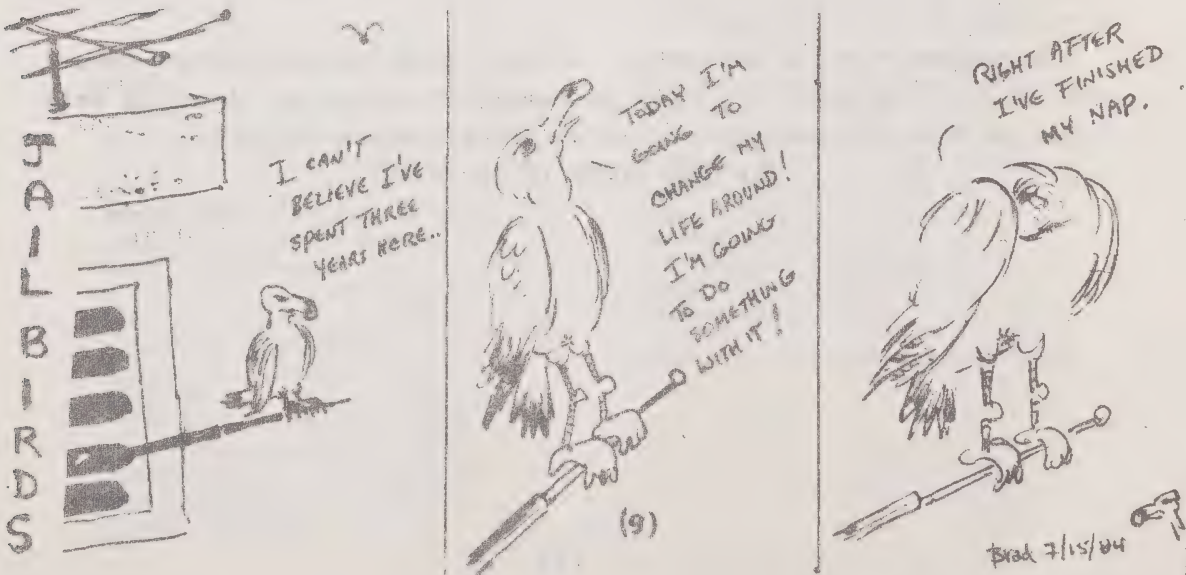
But the solicitor-general's suggestion that the National Parole Board release non-violent criminals from prison at the earliest possible date is not the way to deal with those concerns. Instead of releasing offenders earlier and making a total mockery of our justice system, he should be pressing for reforms that will send fewer people to jail in the first place.

Our jails are seriously overcrowded. Some non-violent criminals -- first-time drug offenders, perhaps, or people convicted of breaking and entering -- might well be better off in rehabilitative facilities or programs. Justice minister Mark MacGuigan has recently been calling for just that approach. But in recent years the length and severity of many prison sentences handed out by the courts have become almost meaningless. Often a six or seven-year sentence imposed by a judge allows a criminal to be back out on the street in two or three years, with parole. Releasing the criminal earlier, as Kaplan suggests, would only serve to further undermine the the courts, the parole board and the entire justice system.

What's more, it could send a direct message to criminals or potential criminals -- that no truly serious penalty will be exacted for their crimes. That would hardly ensure that society is protected.

If Kaplan is really serious about overcrowding and rehabilitation, he should push instead for more positive alternatives to prison. Rather than a stint behind bars, for instance, many non-violent offenders might be better off doing community service jobs, getting help at special treatment centres or halfway houses, repaying their victims through restitution or compensation, or being placed under supervised probation for a period of time.

These and other measures would certainly benefit both the community and the offender in a more meaningful way, and it's cheaper than keeping people in jail.



ALL IN THE NAME OF RELIGION? (Niagara Falls Review, July 9 1984)

Evangelist Rex Humbard has sent packets of salad oil labelled "bible anointing oil" to more than 300,000 Canadian senior citizens, asking them to bless their money with it and send him the biggest cheque or dollar bill they have, says the Toronto Better Business Bureau.

The Toronto bureau has made public a letter, signed "Rex", which promises financial blessings to anyone who marks a cross on their paper money or cheques with the oil and then sends the largest possible bill or cheque to Humbard's organization in Akron, Ohio.

The letter says: "The greater the sacrifice, the greater the blessing."

Paul Tuz, president of the Toronto Better business Bureau, said the packets resemble vinegar packets used in fast-food restaurants.

He said the bureau has received many calls from elderly people who feel obliged to send their Canada Pension Plan cheques to the evangelist.

"It's rather sad," Tuz said. "Most of the calls were not complaints, They were: 'What am I going to do? I must send my biggest cheque to Rex Humbard, so what am I going to eat for the next month?'"

Tuz said he believes the letter was sent to about 300,000 Canadian senior citizens and 3,000,000 elderly U.S. residents.

The organization is using biblical passages out of context, Tuz said.

"The scriptures say give as you are able, but there is nothing in the scriptures to suggest you should give and stop eating for a month, He said. Mr. Tuz said the Canadian branch of the Humbard organization originally denied the evangelist had written the letter, but.....

Humbard's foundation in Akron confirmed sending it.

This is the second time in a year the bureau has objected to the organization's mailings.

NOW WAS THAT ETHICAL?

Jim Wells of Kirkland, Oregon, was lucky his old alma mater didn't force him to pay the fines for his overdue library books.

He returned them 51 years late. In 1933 Mr. Wells, now 74, was a third-year student at Pacific University in Forest Grove, Oregon. He got permission to take some books home for the summer and promptly forgot them.

They slipped his mind, he said and sat on a top shelf with the rest of his old college texts, which he owned.

Recently Mr. Wells, who graduated in 1934, rediscovered them. He returned them at his 50th anniversary class reunion.

He said his classmates got a kick out of the return of the long-lost books and so did the university librarian, who waived the fine, estimated at more than \$2,000.

The subject of the books? -- Ethics. Mr. Wells was quoted as saying: "Ethics is a slow process."

AUTHORITY vs. EXPERT

An authority is somebody who can tell you more about something than you'd really care to know. An expert is anybody who lives more than 100 miles away.

Patience is something you admire greatly in that kind, thoughtful, observant driver behind you but hate in that stupid, overcautious idiot in front of you.

TWO TO A CELL ENDED BY '85 SAYS KAPLAN

(from Toronto Star, July/84)

Double-bunking, the controversial practice of putting two inmates into a cell designed for one, will be eliminated in Canada's penitentiaries by next summer, Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan says.

"I think now that it is perceived as a serious problem, we've got to solve it," Kaplan said in Winnipeg after attending the funeral of one of two guards killed recently at Stoney Mountain Penitentiary.

Prisoner transfers will enable Stoney Mountain officials to end double-bunking in about two weeks, Kaplan said. Construction of more jail cells, set for seven provinces, should end the problem for good, he added.

Dennis Finlay, a spokesman for the Correctional Service of Canada, said the inmate population and cell space, "should match by July, '85."

But he warned the prediction could prove optimistic. "It's like trying to hit a moving target," he said. "You make a forecast, but you can't be sure."

At present, 972 of the 12,000 prisoners in federal penitentiaries are double-bunked. Of these, 726 are in medium-security prisons. Inmate population has jumped to 12,000 from 9,482 in 1981 and the increase has strained facilities, Finlay said.

Svend Robinson, the New Democratic Party's critic for the solicitor-general's department, contends the prison system is "in a state of crisis. You can't stuff prisoners into prisons like sardines."

Donald Yeomans, federal commissioner of corrections, said that in the past two years \$92 million has been spent on penitentiary expansion, with another \$80 million earmarked for the current fiscal year.



CAN YOU GET US BACK TO
DOUBLE-BUNKING?

Ed 7-17-84

FRIENDS

Sometimes when the way seems long,
Serpentine in its bonds,
It makes sense to rest awhile,
To share your time with friends.
This one will take you back
To shadowed days of the past,
Will fill in all the missing links,
Make those happy memories stand fast.
Then you might share yourself
With someone who offers an ear.
You sit and express some of your doubts.
It's reassuring to have this friend near.
You could search for someone in need,
Be a lift when his memories abound,
Listen with care to his words,
With the two of you,
Solutions will be found.
No matter the number you gather,
It's quality that counts in the end.
If you're only able to find one,
Be sure on him you can depend.
The way will never be lonely;
It's the best way to straighten bends.
Life grows to full maturity
When you're willing to share it with friends.

Daryle Smith



THE QUESTION *****

In the silence of thought we are seldom known to ourselves, for in that element we search for a direction in which we can express the answers we desire from our intellect.

In the absence of those answers remains the question.

Our lives on the functioning level of day-to-day experiences combined with subconscious thought patterns are constantly on the thin line bordering between reality and insanity. It is in these wastelands where the spirit dwells in pursuit of the balance.

Yet if we choose to stand apart from mortal reasoning and challenge man's systems with our hearts, perhaps then we can find some measure of sanity in truth.

Every single person is an individual in the truest sense of its meaning, but our world is vast and cluttered by many societies bent on suppressing the hearts and minds of free people. Those societies are the murderers of dreams which thrive on hatred and prejudice. Their keepers are the wardens of war and terrorism. They are incapable of acknowledging individualism or allowing any kind of free thinking, for they have no concept of justice.

So in those times when I seem distant from you, lost in silence; or in the instances when I seem to reflect an alien manner you are not familiar with, please see me for all I am and remember I am with you through all of life's ups and downs.

Regardless of the confusion, loneliness and pain you may experience, the laughter and joy that comes from living will be there as well; and each dusk brings a new tomorrow.

And when we share passionate moments together or when I hold you and tell you that I love you, remember these words, for neither the simplicity or the beauty contained in a flower nor the laughter of little children is able to compare with you. For even after these things of splendor there is still you and you are the core of my being, the lone person in the universe that I desire.

And if my heart leaves me amid a world of unrest, then I am nothing but an empty shell. But if my search should end in harmony with all living things, then the answer to all of my questions is you!

--Daryle Smith



MOUNTAINS

Mountains all around
Surround our sacred ground.
Love and peace and green abound
Where I and brothers gather round.
Myrtle groves and mistletoe,
Scentful firs by the water flow.
Peaceful shadows where the mushrooms glow
Grace our lives and ease our woe.
Natural brothers loving true,
Trials guide each other through
Under skies of changing hue
Where days all are truly new.

Leonard Sisson

STRANGE

Isn't it strange some people make
You feel so tired inside,
Your thoughts begin to shrivel up
Like leaves all brown and dried?

But when you're with some other ones
It's stranger still to find
Your thoughts as thick as fireflies,
All shiny in your mind.

(author unknown,
submitted by Art
Dean)

DREAMS

Hold fast to dreams;
For if dreams die,
Life is a broken-
winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams;
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes

THINKING OF YOU WITH LOVE

Thinking of you so often
And with much pleasure too,
'Cause all the happiness you bring
Shows in everything you do.
These many fond thoughts of you
Are from the love that we've shared;
For thinking of you with much love
Brings joy to me beyond compare.

(author unknown, submitted
by Art Dean)

TO IDENTIFY WOMANKIND

A wise old man once said: "You can always tell a woman, but you can never tell her much."

He would have had to be an old man to be able to say something like that. The allegedly "fairer" sex wouldn't have let anybody younger than about 92 get away with it.

But what he said is true: you can always tell a woman. However, to this writer's knowledge, no completely satisfactory method has ever been developed to tell a woman's nationality.

--That is to say, no satisfactory method has ever been developed until now. Here follows a sure-fire method of telling apart at least eight nationalities of female humanity.

As this writer has somewhat limited experience, he only knows of eight and then can only figure it out after the performance of certain acts which are usually done behind closed doors and will not be discussed further here, since this publication is intended for general consumption.

The eight whose nationalities can be told for sure by the following method are German, French, English, American, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and... oh, yes, Canadian.

German women, being regimented from birth, are kind of stiff, matter-of-fact and abrupt. That doesn't make them any less loving, but it tends to catch you kind of by surprise if you're not ready for it.

So if she suddenly snaps to attention and says: "Ach! Das vass goot! Now ve haß ein zigarette, ja?" you can be 99 per cent certain that she's German.

Now, French women are different. I'm not saying they're more eager, they just seem to act that way.

If she says: "Ooh, mon cheri! Did I please you?" before you even get started, she's probably French or has lived so long in France she might as well be.

English women, being English, consider themselves superior to everybody else, including men, whom they have always considered to be the weaker sex. But, weaker sex or not, they are willing to make some condescensions to men, since men usually make most of the money, have most of the weapons and generally a lot more fun, too.

They just don't see the necessity of all this silly fuss in milady's bedchamber. So, after it's over, if she looks at you with an expression of mildly-amused concern on her face and asks: "Feeling better now, dear?" you know she has to be English.

All latin women have a reputation of being hot-blooded, whether that reputation is deserved or not.

Now, I don't know the truth of the reputation, but chances are the habit of saying: "Ah! That was good! If you even look at another woman, I will scratch your eyes out!" probably had something to do with the gaining of it.

You have to listen to what language she is saying it in to determine whether she is Spanish, Portuguese or Italian.

The great tradition of easy-going, casual relationships for which the United States of America is noted has had its effect on that nation's women, too. Consequently, when you hear her say, either right afterwards or the next morning: "Wha'd yew say yer layast name was?" she's probably from somewhere south of the 49th Parallel.

Now, that other nationality. What was it again?

--Oh, yes. Canadian women.

Well, whenever you hear her say, right afterwards and in either official language: "Brrr! Y'wanna pull another blanket over us, please?" you know where she's from.

That's eight of them, anyway. Perhaps, from time to time, I'll be able to add others to the list -- if I remember to listen to what they're saying.

--John White.



"I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD"

DEAR DR. GRAHAM: It is all very well for you to believe in God if that is your desire, but why do you try to push your views on other people? I don't believe in God and I have dedicated myself to helping others realize we don't need religion. --R.N.--

DEAR R.N.: It sounds to me like you are guilty of the same thing you accuse me and other Christians of doing -- trying "to push your views on other people." We live in a free nation and you are free to believe as you want. But you must respect the rights of others also.

Imagine for a moment that a scientist had made a major breakthrough in the fight against cancer, such as a vaccine that would completely immunize a person against that dreaded disease for the rest of his life.

But imagine also that the scientist decided that he would use the vaccine only for himself and never make it available to the rest of the human race. What would be your attitude?

I think you would agree he would be guilty of gross neglect and selfishness and you would be indignant of his failure to prevent thousand from dying of cancer.

Christians believe that the human race -- every human being -- has a fatal disease. It is not a physical disease, but a spiritual one, a disease so terrible that it causes spiritual death and hell. Furthermore, the Christian knows there is only one cure for this disease and that is Jesus Christ.

In spite of our sin, God loves us and has provided the cure by sending His son into the world to die for our sins. Now, I know you do not believe this is true, but can you understand why those of us who are convinced it is true want to share the good news with others?

(from Calgary Sun, Nov. 6/83
by Billy Graham)

Facts About The BIBLE

BY
JOHN
LEHTI

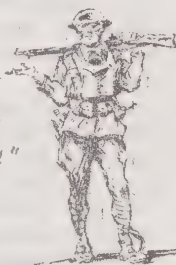
HOW THE BIBLE HELPED WIN A WORLD WAR I CAMPAIGN!

THE TURKS, UNDER GERMAN HIGH COMMAND, WERE A CONSTANT THREAT TO THE BRITISH-HELD SUEZ CANAL, ENGLAND'S LIFE LINE TO HER COLONIES DURING WORLD WAR I! IT FELL TO GENERAL SIR EDWARD ALLENBY TO SQUASH THIS THREAT! IN A SERIES OF BRILLIANTLY EXECUTED BATTLES, ALLENBY SUCCEEDED! IN PLANNING HIS BATTLE ENGAGEMENTS, HE AND HIS STAFF STUDIED, ALONG WITH THEIR TACTICAL MAPS, ALL THE RECORDED BATTLES IN THE BIBLE AND, IN SOME INSTANCES, FOLLOWED THE SAME TACTICS THE ANCIENT JEWS HAD EMPLOYED....



ONE SUCH EXAMPLE OCCURS IN THE BATTLE FOR THE PASSES OF MEGIDDO, INTO THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON, DURING SEPTEMBER OF 1918. TAKING A TIP FROM SUCH ANCIENT GENERALS AS JOSHUA, KING DAVID, AND KING OMRI, ALLENBY ATTACKED ON A BROAD FRONT BUT MASSED HIS CAVALRY AT ONE POINT TO BREAK THROUGH THE TURKISH LINE—THIS DONE, THE CAVALRY RACED HARD, DUE NORTH, TO CUT OFF THE TURKS' ONLY MEANS OF RETREAT AT THE PASSES OF EL AFFULE AND BEISAN, THUS ENTRAPPING THE ENTIRE ARMY SO THE ADVANCING INFANTRY COULD FINISH THEM OFF!

ALLENBY'S STAFF PLACED MUCH CREDIT FOR THE SUCCESS ON CONSTANT STUDY OF THE ANCIENT TACTICS IN THE BIBLE, AND AS ONE BRITISH "TOMMY" PUT IT... "H'IF TH' BLOOMIN' TURKS 'AD STUDIED OUR BIBLE TH' WAY WE DID, THEY MIGHT 'AVE MADE H'IT A LOT FLIPPIN' ROUGHER FOR US!"



After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, SALVATION to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

Revelation 7: 9,10.

Kingston Whig-Standard.



WARKWORTH JAYCEES

BOX 760
CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.
K0L 1L0

JAYCEE OF THE MONTH:

March	Steve Ranta
April	Bob Lingley
May	John Dawson
June	Gord Coutts

COMMITTEE OF THE MONTH:

March	S.P.O.K.E. & SPARK
April	National Awards
May	Public Relations
June	Special Events

TRAINING: May is the month that all the new members of the Executive are beginning their training for their new positions (preparing for the change over in the latter part of May).

The Swearing In Of The New Executive took place on the 28th of May and was attended by Senator Garry Pontello, Regional Director and Keith Wager, President-Elect of the Central Region Jaycees.

The new Executive have promised to work towards increasing the community awareness of what the Jaycees are, what they are trying to do and what they can do for the community. They also are hoping to increase the contacts of the UNIT with the members of the Peterborough Community through more Guest Speakers, more visitations, etc.

Towards this end, staff of the Greater Peterborough Chamber of Commerce and staff from Sir Sandford Fleming College will be invited back; as will many other guests.

GUEST SPEAKERS:

This period of time has seen the Sentence Administrator for Warkworth, Robert Watson, attend a meeting and take part in a very open question and answer period.

Also visiting our meeting were two Counsellors from the YMCA Day Camp in Peterborough, Cathy and Heather, who shared with us and who will be returning in late August - early September.

BALL TOURNAMENT:

A very successful Ball Tournament was held on the 23rd of June, and saw three outside teams (Newmarket Jaycees, Keene and Nuclear) join three Institution Groups (Christian Fellowship, Lifeservers and Jaycees) in a round

robin tournament - - - which saw the Lifeservers win 1st place, Keene 2nd place and the Newmarket Jaycees 3rd.

The entire event was put together with the idea of raising money to sponsor underprivileged children to the YMCA Day Camp and it was a huge success - - - \$475.00 was raised for the Camp and will be presented when Cathy and Heather return in the fall. A SPECIAL THANK YOU to all the guys who signed the bulks and gave out of their pay !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

F.O.Y.C. NIGHT: June 12th saw us having our 1983 F.O.Y.C. Night during which we Honoured our UNITS' two nominees for the Five Outstanding Young Canadians program across Canada.

The evening was set to Honour Eric Holland, a correctional services worker with the Salvation Army, and Jocelyn Lovell, the Olympic Cyclist who was injured in an accident a year or so ago. Unfortunately, Jocelyn was unable to join us due to the Doctor saying that he was unfit to travel but during the evening words of praise were expressed about his determination to carry on and to set an example for others, even though he is confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

Eric was Honoured for his Service to Humanity through his work on behalf of the inmates of Warkworth and the caring that he shows weekly as he helps inmates to put together plans for the future - - - as well as maintain family contacts.

During the evening, members of the Salvation Army were in attendance, as were members of the National Parole Board, the Greater Peterborough Chamber of Commerce, Sir Sandford Fleming College, Executive Members of the Central Region Jaycees and the General Manager for the Ontario Chamber of Commerce.

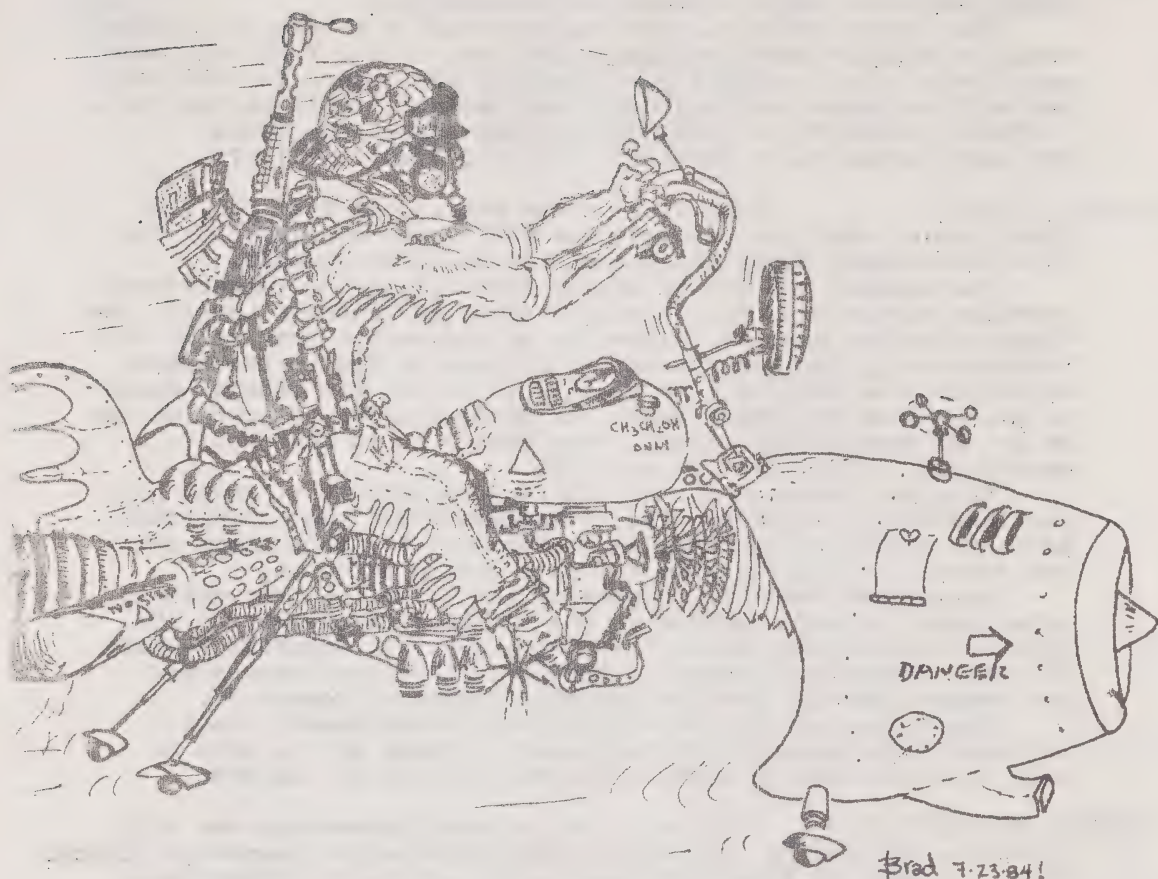
Guest Speaker for the evening was Gordon Newman, Past National Vice-President of the Canada Jaycees and he gave a very stirring talk on Service and the meaning of the word.

REGIONAL CONVENTION: This year the Regional Convention was held in Barrie and two of our members were able to get passes to attend. They were able to attend the Awards Banquet and to bring back several Awards that the UNIT received.

Central Region Jaycee of the YEAR	Bob Fraser
Central Region SPARK of the YEAR	Bob Lingley
Central Region SPOKE of the YEAR	Steve Ranta

The above were individual awards won by members of the Warkworth Jaycees. Below are the awards won by the UNIT.

Public Relations	1st place
Committee Management	1st place
Time Management	1st place
Arrangement & Fellowship	1st place
Membership	1st place
Outstanding Penal Unit	1st place
Unit Publication	2nd place



RIDING OFF INTO THE SUNSET.

FICTION BY STEVE SUTHERLAND

RIDING OFF INTO THE SUNSET

There's not much to tell you how the human race became so advanced. To look back, let's say in the days of Henry the VIII to the twentieth century. We advanced at a great pace. Put men into space, probes reaching far into space. Nuclear power, along with the technology it gave us for weaponry. We were coming close to a discovery in the cure for cancer (if it wouldn't have been for the greed of the Cancer Institution,) they would have devulged the knowledge they already had. Such an advanced civilization!

Well this story will find the reader in the 22nd century. There is a cure for cancer, medicine has taken an all-time high in research and discovery. We have eliminated the cold, the flu bugs, allergies. In fact brain transplants have worked four out of the eleven times tried, when you take into consideration the difficulties of such a feat you may begin to appreciate this miracle.

Time machines have been banned. They caused quite a bit of trouble. In one instance, the final straw, a man went on vacation into the past, got into a fight and killed a man. Now this would never have called any alarm, but unfortunately for our vacationer he killed the Northern Hemispheric Chancellors direct ancestor, therefore eliminating the Chancellor himself. Not too many people mourned the man's death. Hell he probably wasn't going to be elected again anyways. But it did put a ban on our time machines.

Man hasn't fought a war amongst himself for one hundred years, to look at our history this is truly amazing. Have we actually become a peaceful race, or did we find aliens out in space to become worthwhile foes? Well these of us who raised our hands to the second suggestion are correct. We have eliminated three planets, two suns, and one whole galaxy. Not bad for a race that came from apes.

We are still pretty shy about moving away from earth, we do however all our mining on our moon. Our sister planet Venus (which was definitely named wrong, it most certainly is not beautiful as the name inspires), we have a small civilization. But you had to be a weird sort of person to enjoy living in a big bubble. Even if the insides are nicely decorated.

But as I told you at the beginning of this tale, I didn't want to delve into the surroundings of the present earth as we are living in it today, although I couldn't help but to boast about some of our accomplishments to this date. Please excuse the pride that I feel for our human race. You should read some of my other memoirs about other civilizations that we have monitored to compare us with. But enough of trying to boost my sales as an author. Let us return to the tale you have chosen to read for yourselves.

Brad Evans is our hero in this tale. We presently find him working as a bank clerk. Brad used to be in the Military Service of the Allied Realm of Earth. He became dissatisfied when he learned that promotion was too long in coming for the impatient manner of Brad's. He had good family contacts in the Military, his Uncle Tom Evans was through, a battle could in essence, be fought and lost. The Military could then put themselves back onto time re-fight the battle knowing what they did wrong and come out as the victors.

Brad himself could not wait for fate in the Military and rise up accordingly, no, he left the service and drifted. He found himself working at a bank, rising up accordingly, engrossed in a new and profitable hobby, coin collecting.

What Brad proposed to do was to 'borrow' his Uncle's time machine, the only one not destroyed, (his Uncle hid it when the call to destroy the machines went into effect). He would take the machine, transport himself back to the past, to roughly 1870. He would choose the western area, he was a great admirer of one Louis Lamour. He had read a couple of this man's books in the National Museum. The era was very romantic, Brad was inclined to believe. Brad would then take a couple of coins, he decided he would rob a bank, always had been a life time dream. Return to the present at exactly the time he left and no one would be wiser. Brad had heard about the rough and tumbleness of that era, so he would bring along his stun-ray gun just to make sure no harm came when the episode came into effect. It's just too bad we all don't have the mind power that Brad Evans shows.

Landing was a bit of a difficulty, at the first attempt he landed in a barber's shop, certainly raising a few questions in the minds of the occupants. No matter, finding a proper location was easy for Brad, out in the distance he saw an abandon mine entrance. Excusing himself politely, he reset the dials to a few minutes back further so as not to keep the incident in the minds of the occupants of the barber shop. Before leaving however, Brad used the stun ray on the men and undressed the one person whose clothings he would fit into. In a few seconds Brad was transported into the mineshaft. He quickly changed and took out of the pockets the essentials he would need. His I.D. was useless to him here, also his digital watch. All he kept with him was his stun-ray that fitted nicely in his new pockets. He took out the small bag of gold dust that he had paid a fortune for previously. Brad didn't mind however, with his plans he'd more than make up the loss.

Brad went out of the mine-shaft and took the path to the town. Brad watched as a stagecoach was pulled into town by four strong horses. Brad marvelled at the sight, as he stood on top of a rise that looked down into the town. Gazing at the wooden structured buildings before him, all in line paralled on each side of the street. They all had large fronts that were only the width of a single board. To look at the front of the building one would imagine a large and spacious interior. Not realizing that the building was indeed small and the front was only that, a front. Peculiar people back then, muttered Brad to himself. Behind the main street there were a scattering of smaller communities of houses. With two or three houses grouped in one locale together. Further away in no absolute pre-arranged order there would be a couple more. Brad decided that there was no city consultant office in the area. People merely picked a spot and built their home where it best suited them.

The wind was blowing and dust was in Brad's face, when he strolled up to the counter in the hotel and asked for a room. " Ya mus be a straguh roun these parts "? asked a funny old man in charge of the counter. " Excuse me "? asked Brad. " Never heard the accent before, thas all mistuh ". " I'm from out east ", answered Brad. " Shore don't look like no felluh from out east ", countered the man. " Just give me a fuckin room ", " Well I declare, shore got yourselves some weird words back dere "! Inside the room, Brad thought over his plans, everything is going right, all except he had expected a room out front so that he could look out across the street and see the bank. Instead of bothering that atrocious old man back downstairs, Brad decided to walk out front and see the bank from the boardwalk.

cont....(3)

Outside Brad watched as children rolled around in the dust, women walked by wearing clothing, by the poundful, it only made Brad come to the conclusion that these people certainly were behind the times. Why wear heavy clothing when it was hot out? Dresses that went right down to the ground. They were make-up that was caked on. It wasn't till later that Brad realized that since water was such a low commodity, women actually covered the dust with more make-up. The thought discouraged Brad into any inclinations of having a woman., that night. He decided to go over to the bank make his withdrawal and leave, he certainly had enough of the dust and nostalgia of this era. He didn't like it. He noticed that noon had entered the bank since he had been watching, deciding that this was the proper time Brad crossed the street.

Brad Reached the bank and discovered the door was locked. He pounded on the door and got no reply. "Mr. Adams is gone fishin, mistuh". Brad spun around and saw a young lookin woman (with make-up), she had on a light blue dress that was bleached from the sun. Her blonde hair was nicely done up on top of her hair. She had wide hips, small waist and a medium sized bosom. Brad smiled. "Gone fishin?, why would he not go on the weekend, ain't today a buisness day?" "Mistuh Adams always goes a fishin on Tuesday, be back in the mornin if ya come back then". "Alright, thankyou very much for the help, good day", exclaimed the woman before she too left to continue her shopping. Brad stayed in his hotel till supper time came around. He went down into the diner that was next door to the hotel. He had himself the special, beans and a side of beef that part of the meal and chose apple pie for dessert. Leaving a ten cent piece on the table along with a five cent piece for the tip, he left.

His next stop was the saloon, loud piano banging and singing entered his ear drums as soon as he approached it, and no to his liking only got louder upon enterin the building. The smoke lay above the head of the crowd like a thick fog. Brad strolled up to the bar and asked for a drink. "What will ya have, mistuh"? the bartender looked better equipped to wrestle bears than he did tending bar. "Black Russian", answered Brad. "A who?" "Whiskey, I mean", Brad forgetting himself for a moment. The glass of whiskey was up in front of Brad. Brad noticed the glass didn't look all that clean. "Mistuh," the bartender asked Brad as he scooped up the change for the drink, "You from out east, mebbe from New York"? "Yes that's correct", replied Brad, remembering the city mentioned in his history course when he was a child attending school. "Yup, I made me a bet with the fella down away that that's where ya from, always did know my accens good", the bartender was proud with himself cause he didn't know one accent from another. He certainly wouldn't have believed Brad if he told him the truth, that he only lived roughly twenty miles from this spot only four hundred years after this particular time.

Brad finished his drink, which tasted like paint thinner and gasoline combined. He decided to head back to the hotel and get some rest before his big day tomorrow. Brad went to sleep with the blonde haired woman on his mind, thinking of the pleasures he could grant her. With a smile on his face he went off to sleep.

George Adams greeted this morning as he usually did. He walked out of his house spit onto the sidewalk, and grumbled a good morning to Abigail Fletcher, his withered neighbour. She and her husband (now dead, George couldn't blame the husband, he'd die just having to wake up beside that every morning). What made this worse was that she was constantly on the look out for another husband that she would eventually bury. "What Yuh is needin is a good loyal woman to.....

....cont/ (4)

cook fuh yuh, Mistuh Adams". "Either that or a loyal dog", George was tempted to compare the two of them together but decided just to get to his bank and relax. His bank he thought, hell all the money he had was in that bank. Which was exactly four hundred dollars, along with the few accounts he did have it grew to the staggering amount of four hundred and twelve dollars. Mrs. Fletcher's donation. He was doing quite well for a while, up until the mine went dry. He then had well over a quarter million in this bank. He wondered meekly if he shouldn't just pack up and go back to his family in Boston. If only some damn fool would rob this bank, he could claim on his insurance. They still believed he had the buisness from the miners. It would make for a nice claim. George would go back to Boston a wealthy man. His old friends were back there, along with his old flames, almost all his family was their. But George had to make his mark on the world, he turned down his father's offer of vice-presidency for his bank. Everyone thought it was terribly noble and the equal share of them thought it very foolish, when George made the claim that he was off to the west where he would set up his own bank. His family gathered around the train trying to convince him not to. Surely he would be the next victim that was to be scalped by those despicable savages out there. Why hadn't they heard that some were man-eaters.

George left though and all he brought with him was courage. His brother who was a useless sludge of a man. His family and the chance to send him off, and used the timing. Along with courage George brought his inheritance of 3,000 dollars to open the bank. A new Sharps .50 caliber rifle along with 50 lbs. of ammunition. No savage was going to rob him. After three years in business he had dropped 2600 dollars, not the kind of thing his family wouldn't approve of. Well if someone didn't rob him soon, he would pay someone. Even the bandits and outlaws around these parts weren't going to rob him. They all felt sorry for him with all the money he had lost. Hell they may be bad men, but they had seen men down on their luck before and they weren't going to be the first people to kick a guy when he was down.

George's brother wasn't much of a help to George either. He was constantly drunk even if they would have been attacked on their trip here Willy would never have noticed. Then to top everything off, George found out through Abigail that his brother was discovered yesterday morning standing in his skivvies in the barber shop. Well George wasn't all that worried, when he left this hell hole, he would also leave his no good brother here. Willy wouldn't realize for another two weeks after he had left. Good riddance to him thought George as he opened the door to his bank. As he turned the sign around on the door to read OPEN he settled behind his desk to see what this day would offer him. He began to mentally think of someone who he could pay to rob him.

To say the sun was shining and the birds a singing, is indeed an old cliché, but in case of this story, all was true. Brad awoke with a hunger that wasn't at all befitting his usual standard. It was usually a cup of VI-Tex and a smoke. The VI-Tex had all the supplements needed for an active day. The smoke, well, needed for an entirely different reason. Lazing in bed was all Brad wanted to do this morning, until he looked around and discovered he was not in his normal quarters. Jumping out of bed, Brad quickly washed and shaved. The water was an extra ten cents, but who cares this is vacation time for Brad. After washing he threw the water out of the basin, which was placed on the bedside table, and through the window. The bellow from below took Brad by surprise. Looking out his window and down to the alley below, Brad discovered that he had just thrown water on top of a man laying prone to the ground. To Brad's dismay he.....

cont.....(5)

was the same man that he stole the clothes off of yesterday. Rushing out of the hotel, Brad set off to the cafe that he had dined in the previous evening. So full of adrenalin, Brad didn't even notice what he ate. Or to that fact, Brad didn't even notice that the meal came to ten cents and he had paid a quarter, with out recieving his change. So proud was Mrs. Elliot of being able to take foreigners for money. She was not always like that, it was only up until the time that her husband ran off with that New Orleans dancer. But that is another story, one that I also wrote, if you are interested.

Brad had seen the banker enter his establishment about fifteen minutes ago. He decided that he should leave now, so bored was he of this place. Walking across the street Brad manouvered around a couple of piles of horse dung, found the side walk and entered the bank. "Well what can I do for you?" the voice came from behind the lone desk, it was Adams. "Not sure how to go about this, you see I have never done this kind of thing before". "Well it's not that, I entered this place of business to rob it". Upon speaking the words Brad drew out his stun-ray. Disbelief entered George Adam's mind, he hadn't even spoken to anybody about this yet. The thought of being finally able to leave this place a success was too much for him to control his enthusiasm.

"That's alright young man, you'll receive only all the help I can give. But the idea of carrying around that thing in your hand", pointing to the stun-ray, "it's obvious you didn't come prepared well enough". "It's a stun-ray weapon, if you weren't the only one here, I'd show you what it is capable of", countered Brad. "Where you from anyways?", asked George. "You wouldn't believe me", after a pause Brad said, "New York". "Figures, thought George, they have all the radicals living there. No matter though this man was his easy street ticket. "That doesn't matter, what you came for was the money". To Brad's amazement the little man opened the safe and withdrew a few gold pieces and a stack of bills. The man walked over to him and placed the money in his hands. "Thanks but I have no need of the bills", Brad pushed the bills back at him, "I don't want to break you", he explained. "Please keep them throw them away later if you have no need of them", this man certainly was strange thought George. There was only one hundred dollars in gold and well over three hundred in notes. "Alright then, thanks, well see you later", said Brad over his shoulder. "Hey mister, I didn't hear you ride up on no horse, the posse will catch you sooner than you can spit", and then they'd return the damn money back to me, George thought quickly, "this certainly won't do, not at all, listen I got a horse at my place in the back. It's the white house two doors down, grab that." "Well I am most obliged, mister". "Don't mention it, which way are you headed?" noticing the look that crept up on the stranger's face, he further replied, "so I can tell the posse you went the other way, well you don't want to get caught, do you?" North. maybe northwest," had to keep these gents thinking, thought Brad. "Alright then, I'll tell them, I'll say three guys robbed me and one of them whispered Mexico", George was mainly talking to himself, but Brad surely thought that this man was strange in his ways. "Well don't just stand there, get going, someone may come", quickly and gently George pushed Brad towards the floor.

They stared at each other for a moment, both thinking that this was the man that was going to make him rich, it came as no surprise that both said, "Thankyou", at the exact same time.

Brad found George's house easy enough, the fact was that it was the only white house in town. Brad knew how to ride a horse, he used to go to the circus when he was a child, but putting the saddle on the thing was a different story.

Luckily the steering gadget was already on, the beast jumping up; and then falling right back off didn't discourage Brad. He knew all too well about posses, he had read about them also in the books. The lynching was what bothered Brad. Getting back up on the horse and not falling off this time, he rode slowly behind the town and headed off toward the mineshaft..

George found it a little difficult to tie himself up. He should have remembered to tell the stranger, but all he could think about was getting out of town when the insurance cheque came. No matter, though; he would wait a few more minutes then burst onto the street with a few rags dangling from him, appearing like he had just freed himself and give the alarm. George Adams burst from his office 15 minutes after the robbery. At the present Brad was over the hill, heading for the mineshaft. Also at the same time we find Mrs. Elliot cooking eggs and cursing her husband's name under her breath. We also see Mrs. Abigail Fletcher walking her pet poodle, which didn't care much for this daily routine, wishing it could just find a cool place to sleep, hopefully away from this woman.

There was excitement on the streets within two minutes. The crowd was listening intently to what the esteemed banker mumbled about. Most of the crowd could only gather that the bank was just robbed by three masked men, one of whom mentioned Mexico. He screamed for a posse to be formed at once and capture these criminals.

Now, the men thought all this fine and dandy, but when it occurred to them that they had no money in the bank the thought of a couple of days' ride in the heat just kind of made the enthusiasm die down. Until the time the banker offered a \$2,500 reward for the capture of these men or his money returned. They took off like a new whorehouse just opened advertising virgins for rent. Brad meanwhile was still finding it difficult to stay on the beast. It just wouldn't go any faster and steering it was an infernal waste of time. He was overjoyed when the horse smelled the dampness and coolness of the mineshaft just ahead. It burst into a trot. *What with* hanging onto the horse and waving hello to the woman walking a dog, he had all the trouble he needed.

But this wasn't to be true. No sooner did he pass the woman than the horse reared up on its hind-legs. The horse didn't like the sight of the rattlesnake ahead. I'm sure also Brad didn't like the fall he had, for when he landed his head struck a rock and he fell into a comatose state.

With all the excitement in town no one even noticed Abigail Fletcher come in with the stranger hanging over a horse. It wasn't until she got to the centre of town that people stopped to notice her and her cargo. It wasn't until the gold coins and stack of money fell out of Brad's pockets that the crowd grew quiet.

"That's the stolen money. I can tell by the wrapping around the bills, Abby!" shouted one man, Stooping down to collect the bills and count the money, he exclaimed: "And yuh got it all back, if I remember propuh, yup, four hundred and twelve dolluhs." The man was no other than Walter Adams, George's dear, sweet drunk of a brother. "Yuh got a reward comin' to yuh, Abby, three cheers fuh Abigail!" The crowd went wild. It was stopped by Abigail herself when she raised her hands for silence. "I want no reward. Here's the money, George," she said, walking over to him. George looked as if he was.....

cont.... (7)

crying, tears of joy thought the crowd, what a darlin' of a man he is. "It'd be a shame to have to see you leave our dear community, I'm just glad you won't have to leave us now", Abigail said, thinking for sure now she'd have that second husband she wanted.

George was so moved that he couldn't lift his head to acknowledge the woman that just saved his business from bankruptcy. He just looked at the money and walked slowly away, back towards his bank. The crowd felt only joy for the banker that have just come to love. Even his stolen horse was returned to him. It be a night fuh celabrating for the town. The women suddenly thought of heir husbands that were right now bee-lining it to Mexico. A smile crossed many of their faces. It was indeed a night for celabrating.

Oh we didn't forget to tell you about what happened to Brad at the end. He was carried up to Boothill to be buried. Although only in a comatose state and very much alive, the people of the town were the only ones that didn't know it. To them he was as dead as a doornail. Only to Brad whose eyes were left open saw the dirt fall upon him, screaming to himself that one shot of Mileriute 33 was all that was needed to get him back on his feet dancing. As the dirt started to cover his body he screamed at the ignorance of these primitive people, but it wasn't their fault folks, Mileriute 33 wasn't discovered for another three hundred years. If Brad had been looking carefully enough he might have noticed that the only person that was crying at his funeral was, indeed George Adams.



PERILS OF THE PAROLE BOARD

by Gord Walsh
(Toronto Sun, June 15/84.)

There's no place for vengeance in the federal parole act.

But the National Parole Board is sometimes slapped with emotional arguments when a notorious inmate is released on parole. The beefs are often aired when the con commits another crime.

The bottom line is that if the board bowed to this pressure, it could end up breaking laws over which it has no control.

"Basically, the kind of parole system we have is given to us by Parliament," says board chairman William Outerbridge. "We have to play with the cards we're dealt."

"We're always presenting proposal packages for amendments (to the act) but the question of changing the law is not up to public servants; it's for legislators."

"The key question of retribution is not in the law."

Outerbridge finds it "ironic and unfortunate" that the board gets critical media reports that unjustly smear it and confuse the public.

An example is the recent escape of four-time murderer-rapist William Boden from a Montreal restaurant. The parole board was initially condemned for Boden's release when in fact it was penitentiary officials who issued the day pass.

The board turned Boden down for parole because it considered him too dangerous and feared he could kill again.

"We're very conservative," Outerbridge says, "and we spend so much time trying to be credible and available."

Contrary to popular belief, the parole board's top concern when releasing an inmate on any type of program is the "risk to society."

Although federal inmates have a right for automatic reviews for parole eligibility, Outerbridge said: "There's a great deal of difference between that and actually being released." Fewer than 40 per cent of those applying for parole actually get it.

The board takes a gradual approach when returning an inmate to society, with temporary absence programs, day parole and finally full parole. It's the board's way of testing an inmate by viewing the parolee in the community in "closely-monitored situations."

"From our point of view, we have to go back and say: 'Sure he's done well in an institution', but there's a broader picture," Outerbridge says.

When an inmate is released on day parole, for which he is eligible after serving one-sixth of his sentence, and goes to a halfway house, he is under 24-hour supervision.

Deciding an inmate is a good candidate for parole is a touchy situation for board members.

"There's an awful lot of room for human judgment because the laws are constructed in such broad terms," said Outerbridge.

"There'll be times when a parole board member doesn't like a person, but he has to overcome that and follow the law."

The board has taken a lot of heat over mandatory supervision, the legal right of an inmate to be released after serving two-thirds of his sentence (murderers are not eligible).

PAROLE BOARD PERILS (cont.)...

Outerbridge tried bending the interpretation of mandatory supervision regulations with "gating" -- rearresting an inmate immediately upon release -- at a time when there was a wave of violent crimes committed by people on mandatory supervision.

"We knew very well that although we had a legitimate case for gating, we could be breaching inmates' rights," he said. "We got legal advice, but we didn't think gating was an interpretation of the legislators at the time."

After 11 inmates were gated, the Supreme Court of Canada confirmed the board's suspicions: it is illegal.

Solicitor-general Robert Kaplan stepped in and proposed legislation that would provide for a modified form of gating and allow the board to refer cases to the ministry of justice.

"The effect would be the same as gating," says Outerbridge. "Once an inmate was turned down at his review, he would have to serve the rest of his sentence."

The setup would work like a second trial for the inmate, who would have a chance to defend himself.

But until the laws are changed, the parole board is compelled to follow legislation that leaves it open to criticism of being lenient and returning violent criminals to society.

TIME TO DENY LEGAL AID
TO VIOLENT CRIMINALS

(letter to editor,
Toronto Star, June 20/84)

I disagree with your editorial Time to Hike Legal Aid Budget (June 14) and its assertion: "It's a matter of making sure that 500,000 Ontarians using legal aid every year get a lawyer whether or not they can pay."

The time has come when legal aid should be refused to those Ontarians who have been convicted of a violent crime and stand charged with another crime.

If such refusal were entrenched, three results would probably follow: the discouragement of violent crime, avoiding a worthwhile portion of the legal aid budget hike and compensation of violent crime victims.

--G. Russell R. Frame,
Scarborough.

(Outlook editor's comment)

Mr. Frame, it seems, is one of those who would convict an accused person before the court convicts him. He does not say that, but by his wording seems to imply that he would negate the whole concept on which our law is based -- that guilt must be proven. Just because a person was once convicted of a crime, does that make him guilty of another one?

In his comment on "the discouragement of violent crime", does Mr. Frame think that the knowledge he won't be able to get a lawyer would really stop a man from killing in the heat of rage, or from pulling the bank robbery for which he does not intend to get caught? Come on, now!

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sign,
When care is pressing you down a bit -
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow -
You may succeed with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out -
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It might be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit -
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit

- Author Unknown -

House of Hope - CRC - Maison de l'Espérance

32 GILMOUR ST., OTTAWA, ONT. 238-2174

President: John Harrison

Executive Director: Yvon Leblanc

Treasurer: David Cluff

AVAILABLE RESOURCES TO HOUSE OF HOPE RESIDENTS

EDUCATION: Algonquin College, Canada Manpower Retraining Centre and Ottawa University are all within a 15 minute walk from the house. There are two high schools in the area that provide night school courses, as well as adult high schools.

OCCUPATIONAL: There is minimal primary industrial employment available in the area but many opportunities exist in service industries. Canada Manpower is within walking distance and "Employment Personnel Pools" exist within the city. A full-time "Employment Director" is employed at the House of Hope and available to residents to assist in locating employment and to assist in any employment related problems.

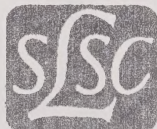
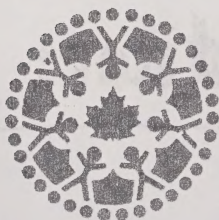
COUNSELLING: There are many assistance services within the Ottawa area. 1) Debt Counselling, 2) Family Service Bureau - marriage, personal problems, etc... 3) Alcoholics Anonymous, 4) Royal Ottawa Hospital offers Addiction Rehabilitation Program and psychiatric Counselling 5) Rideauwood Institution offers an Addiction Rehabilitation Program. The House of Hope provides counsellors 24 hours a day to discuss, and assist, any resident.

MEDICAL AND DENTAL: Except in Emergency situations, the C.S.C. must give prior authorization to Day Parolees before medical expenses can be incurred. There are emergency units at all hospitals in Ottawa and a clinic is available. Algonquin College offers low-cost dental care through its school of Dentistry.

RECREATION: The Ottawa Y.M.C.A. is a short distance from the house and offers a full range of recreational activities. Y.M.C.A. passes are available from the house. The "longest ice rink in the world", the Rideau Canal, is less than 100 metres from the house. Lansdowne Stadium is nearby, providing a variety of events. There is a 'mini gym' available to residents within the house.

TRANSPORTATION: Public transit is available within a few blocks of the house. Ottawa's bus service is very efficient.

RELIGION: There are several Churches within the immediate area. Should the specific denomination not be within walking distance, bus routes are available.



O.H.H.A.

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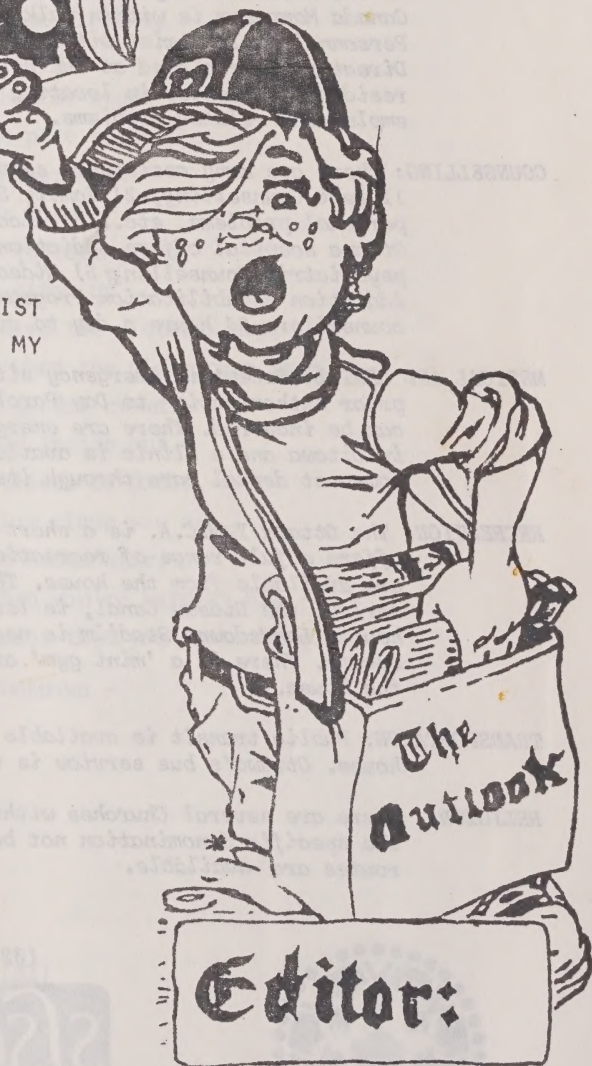
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